Sir *Arthur Haſelrig's*

LAST

Will and Teſtament.

With a briefe

SURVEY

OF HIS

LIFE and DEATH.



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Sir *ARTHUR HASELRIG'S*

LAST

VVILL & TESTAMENT,

WITH

A briefe Survey of his *LIFE* and *DEATA.*

O Death, how unwelcome art thou to a *troubled Spirit*? Is my long hanting after *worldly Honour*, and fishing after *Church Lands* to inlarge mine Inheritance by an injurious surprizal of others Rights, brought to this Precipice? Yes most justly; that Sacred-secret Synod, from which all my *sinister Actions* have ever peremptorily appealed, has justly and irrevocably decreed, that *ARTHUR*, who was once such an eminent *Champion* at the ROUND TABLE, should be now deserted. nay shamefully stripped of those *weak stayes*, whereon He, miserable He, in the height of his *swelling Fortunes* so strongly relyed, and imprudently doated. Ah me! what an eye-sore is this to see *Lawn-sleeves* rise to their wonted height: and my blasted Honour sinking down with contempt into a disconsolate Depth! O *Bishoprick*, where in my *Regality* I so much *Soveraiguiz'd*, or, as some will have it, *Tyranniz'd*; must I now leave thee, and leaving thee recommend thee to a *Prelacy*, which was most hated by me? Though for pity sake that *Prelatical*

latical State might retain this opinion of me, for otherwise they traduce me highly, that I never bore such hate to their *Persons*, as I bore love to their *Personages*; not such disesteem to their *Professions*, as I had, and held ever in my estimate of their *Possessions*. But now my *Hydropick Thirst* is quenched, my earthly desires (though much against my will) unfortunately sated; whence I collect with an heavy eye to what I have left behind me, what a vading breath, or light blast is this flash of Honour; whose overswollen *Bladder* as it puffs us up living, so it stifles us dying.

But it is high time for me now to recollect my self; and look a little *back*, having so small a space left me to look *forward*: I may expect a Funeral, but *OLIVERS* vast excess usher'd in with such *scorn*, and registered with such *shame*, deters me from injoyning too much *cost*, lest my Executor might be enforced to pay more than either the price of my *Carcass*, or the remnant of my forfeited Estate would discharge. My *Rebellion*, as this late *Synod* by curbing, and cutting of our late *Rump* styles it, has sufficiently all the world over *proclaimed* me *Bankrupt*; it would grieve me to leave my *Heir protested against*, for a *Vessel* of crumbled Dust: which I am confident, will be accompanied by more *Fiends* than *Friends*, more *Followers* than *Mourners*: so as in this case a Rope of strong-sented Onions would do excellent service for enforcing *wet-eyes* from *dry hearts*: to pump tears with a few feigned sighs to delude the Spectators at my death; as my actions under a vizard of zeal bravely, though now unfortunately, performed all my life. On which *State-Stage* there is none that ever knew Sir *ARTHUR*, but will ingeniously confess to his honour, that there was no *Shimei* of all that *Leven*, who acted his part more politickly, nor daringly: nor promoted the Interest of the *Good Old Cause* with more acrimonious fidelity. Upon which account (though *Self-interest* turn'd the *wheele* that steer'd all my Actions) I behav'd my self in that posture, and manner, as I was ever held (I appeal to my mortallest enemies, if this be not true) a most useful and serviceable Instrument to the *Antimonarchical Tribe*: and withall such an endeered Favorite to redoubted *OLIVER*, as his ear was as attentive to me, as it was ever to his close faithful Cub

Sr.

to *John's*; till he found my averseness from *Kingship*, whereto his vast ambition subtilely aspired. Mean time, though I stood ever a profest enemy unto *Monarchy*, I appeared a constant Zealot for a *Pentarchy*. A *Fifth-Monarchy-Man* I was cordially, whose Spirits now when I am dying sound in mine ears mortally stirring, though my short Lease of Life will prevent me from partaking the issue of that fair Quarrel. Sure I am, *Phanatick heat* will not be quenched without much blood. This our dislaughtered *Complices*, who lately sacrificed their active lives with undaunted valour to the hands of the common Executioner expected; which my brother *HARRISON* gave a touch of at his death, saying, *I see the Lord will not appear to us this day*. But discontents must not be so cured. Our trusty *Phanaticks* hope a day will come, which seeing my weak divining Spirit cannot prefine it, I unwillingly leave to those that shall live to see it.

And no doubt but the *discontented* Party, seconded by our baffled Reformades, and desperate Decoys of our late disbanded Army, may find our impregnant City a ready Foster-Mother to nurse these distempers in her ranting Racketers (besides the *winning demureness* of our conscientious *Anabaptists*, which will strengthen the Quarrel mainly, and make our *Phanatick* ruffle bravely) upon these grounds, if not timely diverted, which we hope the *Liberty* of the *time* will slowly look into, there is small doubt to be made, but this *teeming age* may breed as many *John Leydons* apt to design a fresh *massacre* in every circumstance, equal to that memorable one of *Munster*. But to my grief, though it be not my fortune to be a *Spectator* of it, nor *Actor* in it, my *desires* are as strong as my *faculties* weak. I shall swell in my wishes dying, what I could not atchieve living. But leaving these till time shall repent them, and posterity become more sensible of them, let me petition Death (to whose arrest I hold my *Fame* much indebted, for snatching me from the claws of ravenous *Dun*,) to respit me a little, a very little; my words shall be but few; because my hours cannot be many: and these shall be bestowed on the discovery of my *life*; wherein to unrip my *Infirmities* I hold it needless, seeing the whole *Island* has been long time *Promotory* of them: No Court of Record in all *Westminster*, but

may

may bear Record of my restless *Passion*; which these *Reverend Judges* would usually give way to out of their indulgent favour, being highly taken with the erring rumour of my active State-valour: though *Rumney Downe*, as the *Usurper* sometimes twitted me, may witness the contrary. The sallies and various occurrences of which *Field* were every way as terrible to me, as tho encounters of *Death* now approaching me: or *Dons* dreadful attendance upon my severish tryal. Truth is, that in the *height* of my *being*, as I was generally held a *considing man*; and one that intended to have his *voice*, and *vote* bear sway; were it *right*, or *wrong*, against all *Opposers*, there was no Plea, were it legal, or illegal, which I pursu'd, and expected not a successful issue: Neither in the prosecution thereof did I encounter with any affront to my then *imperious power* more disgustful, than from those *virulent aspersions* thrown upon me by a tart, but acute *Counsellor*; whose *Coife* might authorize him to make bold with me. But, I am perswaded his spleen to my Person (having before made it my endeavour to bring him within the compass of *Delinquency*) gave more fuel to the fire of his passion, than his pretended Zeal to his *Client*, an useful Instrument to his Profession. I must confess (and the remembrance of it is some *Corosive* to me) that my acrimony of spirit was so quickened towards that Gentleman his Client, as I mortally hated him: and by a tedious suit (so much did my *strength* over-top his *weakness*) so exhausted him, for challenging his own; as I am confident the *cure* will prove worse than the *disease*; and that the *recovery* of his *Estate* will scarcely countervaile the *expensive charge* of his Suit. For after sundry *Verdicts* returned for him, I was no wayes deterred, but doubling my Fyles, and reviving my Claim, wherein I found *Saint Johns* ever my indulgent Hearer, whose joynt assistant I had been in all his designes My resolution was not onely to crush him with my purse, whom I could not conquer by the equitable Rule of the Law: But out of my *vindicative spirit*, as none more *violent* nor *virulent*, I publickly vowed to *intail* that Suit upon my *Heir* for ever.

Neither was my quenchless fury onely discovered in this, but in aggravating the rackt *Compositions* of *Delinquents*; amongst which my inveterate spleen was such to a *Favorite* of the

the *Muses*, who opposed my demands, as I made my self a *Party*; and so by degrees brought him to taste sharply for his *folly*.

To enlarge the number, and measure of my practis'd insolencies; Prophanation of Temples, oppression of Tenants, extortion in pursuit of Offices shall render me unexemplary to all succeeding ages. With which *Pressures* I grew so daily mired, as my *Conscience* became wholly seered. The corroding memory whereof makes me appear ignominious in my self, odious to all.

Upon review of these, my *Funeral Hearse* (if any such *Decency* be admitted me) is to expect only *thy eyes* to accompany it. No Mourner unless Squire *Dun* bemoan his own *Interest*, for not having a hand in *putting off my* Cloaths. But it was my Physitians pious policy by the help of a *Clyster* to palliate my indangered Fame, and for want of a *Perpendicular Line*, to strip him of his Booty.

I should now dispose of my *Estate*, but our late *Reformed State* has done me the favour to save me a labour: So as I must leave mine *Heir* with the *Chamelion* to feed on *Air*.— But my *brittle Glass* is run out; not one grain of Sand left to supply the *Cruet*— Wo is me, shall I never see *Westminster* more? Must my hopes of a *Change*, be changed into heaps of dust? Oh I sink, I sink! And I feel my earthen thoughts so heavy, as they cannot fix on ought that is heavenly.— Adue to all the world: O how happy I, if I had never known it: or had less lov'd it; so might I more cheerfully have left it.

So good night to Sir Arthur
with all his debauche Honour.

Hic jacet Arthurus, *terris nunquam rediturus,*
Obrutus ne Curis, cognitus arte Furis.

His

His Supplement portrai'd to life.

WOuld you know more of him? Take a survey of his Carriage during that too long reign of the *Rump*: where you may hear from all hands in what braving manner this cowardly *Clinias* bore himself. He would not stick with an insolent shrug to maintain not only *Anarchy*, but flat *Apostacy* with his *Sword*. Though he was never holden for a *Blade-man*, but such a baffled Spunt as He, represented the face of a Christian in nothing more, then in an inbred fear to be cudgeled out of his incivility.

To sundry desperate extreams did his furious Passion ingage Him; being in no place secure, because in no place constant to himself. So factiously active was his *Quick-Silver-Brain*, as his projecting Pate would not suffer him to sleep: His nightly devotions were bestowed in deviling new *Utopian* States P. incipl'd to his own *Phanatick Fancie*: and in settling these so *irresolute*, as the *following day* never approved what the *former day did*, which rendred him as *weak* in *resolving*, as he was *light* in *deviling*. He had got the knack of *Preaching*, or *Praying* rather in *Drapery*: but edified himself least in Rules of *Humanity*. In his *beginning*, being then in his *rising*, he grew so familiar with *Oliver*, as he would not stick by way of Argument to coffer with him: but the intaged *Tygre* no sooner *furrowed* his Front, then this feverish *Ratton* let fall his Creast. So soon was his spiritless valour resolved into fear. His *sleeps* were *short*, and those *troubled*, arising from the vapours of an addle Brain wholly disordered. But no *Dreams* struck in his thoughts more *terrour*, than the affrightful visions of a *Tippet*, and a *Mitre*. These call'd him to an *Account* before his time: but having got the *Act* of *Oblivion* by heart; he took it for a Dream, and so the vision vanished.

He sacrilegiously removed the *Altar* from *B. A. Church* to his own *House*; under which, to save the charge of a *Monument*, his *Lady* was after buried. And to enlarge his *Prophanation*, he razed down to the ground a beautiful *Chappel*; whose splendor and antiquity might plead a priviledge against the

hand

hand of hostility. From the ruines whereof he reared to himself a *Dining Parler*: preferring his own licentious humour and secular pleasure before Gods honour. And to summe up all in one (for should we insist upon all, they would require an ample Volume) to authorise his *Insolencies*; It is the opinion of many, that he died of a *Cold Palsey*, and very likely: since the whole course of his life was over-swayed by unfetled Passions, Weakness and Levity.

The proper symptoms, or consequent products of a *Paralitick distemper*. Sylv.

Near his *Death* he found more quiet within him, because a *Lethargy* had seaz'd on him. So far did his *Disease* afford him *Ease*; wherein he might justly cry out with that phrentick forlorn Ethnick: *O that this Distemper would never leave me!* But like a *Lightning* before *death*, or a *Beamling* striking forth before a *storm*: heaving himself up a little; and drawing his breath slowly, as one approaching near shore, after a *deep groan* fetcht from a burthened soul, He shut up all with this *sad* but *suitable* farewel; *I am passing; I am passing; but I know not whither: Oh that I might sojourn here for ever!*

SUPER OSSA

Olivari Cromwelli, Bradshai, Iretoni, &c.

Nuperrimè exhumata, & condignis Exequiis tradita.

UT venti sonuere graves à morte Tyranni,
Murmure conspirant Ossa levata *pari.*
Talia si terris formidine plena ministres,
Qualia tartariis fers, Olivare, *locis?*
Ionis, Sulphur erunt, & spiritus ipse Procellæ
Portio; num sapiunt naribus ista tuis?
Quas Bradshawus *opes? quas* Ireton *sustulit iras?*
Qui sceleris socii, suppliciique tui.
Quid tibi Nauta Blagus? *quid* Pridux, *Consul equestris?*
Pridus? Baxterus? Husoniusque? Whalus?
Quam tibi Cœtus *opem tribuit? quam de Styge portam*
Aperit reducem? Define; claude viam.

Nulla salus miseris; spes nulla relicta salutis,
Nec tibi, nec sociis restituenda quies.
Scimus ab Inferno concessa Redemptio nulla est.
Novimus ense tua ferrr, perinde pati.

Upon OLIVERS *Bones, and his two Complices* Tyburn'd, *January* 30, 1660.

FRom the *Red-Lyon* was this *Leopard* brought,
Where *He* was wont to mount before He fought.
A fitter *Inne* could not devised bee
For *NOL* to mount the *Sledge* to th' Triple Tree.

Epitaph.

Here hangs his Trunk, whose *restless Bones* could have
No ground, but under *Tyburn* for a Grave.
First time inshrin'd like to some Brittish King,
Next with dishonour pendent in a string.
Two *Consorts* there appear who hang beside him,
Being so dear 'twere pity to divide them.
Thus *Fate* has shred that threed which *Fury* spun,
Hang'd *without suffering* by the hand of *Dun*.
To them ask why these *Rebels* hang so high?
Treason mounts higher still then *Felony*.
Mourn *Mercer, Draper* with distilling Eyes,
Or with sad looks instead of Elegies.
Habits must pay themselves, penurious *Dick*
Defrayes all scores; how? in *Arithmetick*,
But heark my Boyes, if you have wit to call
In time, old *BESS* has stuff to pay you all.

Protector, Præses, Consul, Lictorq; Tyburnus
Funeris officiis succubuere suis.
Iste parat laqueos, laqueis Hi corpora tendunt;
Lictor ut insligit, perfida Turba ruit.

Ec

Ecce conſortes ſcelerumque morum
Naribus tetrum parium vaporem,
Traxit ut Dunnus *retulit ſaporem*
Lerna malorum.

Lo! lo! to what corruption *Traiters* ſink!
Divert your *Senſe*; *Dun* ſtirs them till they ſtink.

No Infection like Rebellion.

Iack Cutts bemoans this *hanging*, for his Wench
Was ſtruck to th' heart by that Rebellious ſtench:
So as thoſe *Trayters* may be counted th' Head,
Who *ſlaughter'd* living, and who *poys'ned* dead.
For *Treaſon* is of that *contagious* nature,
No Carrion ſmells like th' Carcaſs of a Traiter.

Redde Sinonem *ſimilem per Orbem,*
Subditis trietem, Superis prophanum,
Vel magis curſu temerè ferocem
Principis hoſtem!

FINIS.